

Topics of Interest to Every Woman

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

Each of the Three Great Parties Have Organized Corps of Women Earnestly Co-operating for the Election of Candidate They Favor.

By FRANCES SHAFER

It is all very well in this year of grace, but if it had happened a few decades or so ago that a woman's magazine of a conspicuous character carried the title page of the reading public would have been amazed at the strange lack of understanding of the woman mind. And if its leading article had been a talk on government, prepared by the same candidate—well, everybody would have thought the publication had lost its good magazine sense.

But now—
It has been a bit sudden, this introduction of the feminine element in the national campaign, and nobody knows just what the result will be or how much influence the women will manage to wield. For not one of the great parties in this three-cornered contest is without its organized corps of women earnestly co-operating for the election of the candidate they favor, and they seem to be pretty well matched in numbers and in strength.

We Don't Understand.

What are the women on the inside of the woman activities do not quite understand the method of procedure, because we think of the workers as voters themselves, and it seems rather a herculean task. But we turn to the names and the fame of the women concerned, and we know that they are not the superficial type willing to skim the surface and let it go at that.

They are women who are accustomed to see their activities count, who measure their strength in terms of votes to work, and who have the means to go ahead. And so we cannot feel that their energies will go entirely astray, though we do think they might better be turned in another channel, for the present at least.

Whatever else may be said of the women aligned in the national campaign, it is apparent to every one who follows their work that they are going about with a tactful, energetic way. But it is practical politics they are adopting every minute of the day. They speak, write, raise money, for the candidate they favor, and the legitimate campaigner ever does.

They come from the ranks of society, away up at the very top; they are recruited from sociological fields; they drop their names in the lists of the candidates, and they are busy everywhere.

Mrs. Gertrude Atterton, the novelist, who sometimes puts aside her clever stories for a more pointed discussion of real affairs, has better reason for her political activities than have most of the women workers. For she can address her arguments and her appeals to the women of her native State with the consciousness that she is reaching voters.

And out in California, where women have the vote, her vigorous pen is active in behalf of the candidate of her choice.

But Miss Helen Varick Boswell, voter though she is, is no novice in the field of politics. She is quite at home in the work of organizing, speaking, and campaigning. In fact, she is an expert in industrial matters, is interested in welfare work, child labor, and the like, and is practical and capable at every turn she makes.

And Miss Jane Adams—we may think she would do better to keep out of line with the political end of things, but she is Jane Adams and we know whether her work tends.

A Leading Spirit.

Then there is Mrs. J. Borden Harrison, with all her efforts in behalf of industrial workers and of legislation for the better protection of women and children. She is a leading spirit in all her undertakings, so it is natural that she should have fallen in line as president of the woman's club that is out for the avowed purpose of winning the fight for the candidate it favors. She is earnest, active, used to reaching out, and achieving, too.

And so it runs. Some may think the time is not yet ripe for the woman politician, for then it is a time when she never will come when she will be an ornament and a real help to practical politics, but if we think at all we are bound to admit that the women who have entered the big game are women to reckon with.

It is hard to see just how they can accomplish very much in the way of changing votes, but it is a time when the women of the past count for much and we can afford to wait and see.

NAPKIN RINGS NO LONGER GRACE THE DINNER TABLE

Napkins rings are out of date. The time-honored circles of silver, ivory or carved wood some may think the time has come for the truly up-to-date housekeeper. In their place has appeared the daintiest of table accessories, the napkin envelope.

These dainty receptacles are made of fine linen that matches the centerpiece and doilies used elsewhere on the table. They are decorated with embroidery of course, but there is opportunity for more elaborate work, and different work, if you choose. For example, a girl can make her own napkin envelope embroidered with a pretty spray of her favorite flowers and her monogram or an initial in one corner; and this is a good plan, for then it goes away from home on a visit, it can be taken along to be used by her hostess in place of the usual ring.

Match Centerpiece.

When the envelopes are made to match the centerpiece, one is worked for each member of the family, bearing his or her initial, and two or three extra ones are made to be used by guests. But for general use each member of the household has his or her own, embroidered especially for the individual.

You can obtain the pattern by opening an ordinary business envelope 5 or 7 inches by 3 inches wide. Cut the lines according to this pattern and but-tomhole the edges either straight or in shallow scallops. Then stamp the desired design on the plain portion of the lines that corresponds to the side of the envelope which bears the address when sending a letter. You can choose a design of flowers that will allow a blossom or a spray of leaves to be carried over on the used, that space may be reserved for the monogram or initial of the owner.

Another method of making the envelopes is to cut an oblong piece of linen 10½ inches scallop and but-tomhole the edges. From one end measure 3½ inches and fold the linen over 3½ inches and fold the goods over flat.



This design represents a frock for a very small child and is made with pretty yoke front and back. The body of the garment is gathered to this yoke. The short sleeves are finished with insertion and edging, and the frock may be made with or without the ruffle. Lawn, dimity, swiss, silk and cashmere are appropriate materials.

The pattern, No. 5992, is cut in sizes 4 to 5 years. Medium size will require 2½ yards of 5-inch material or 1 7/8 yards of 36-inch fabric, with 5 yards of insertion and 4 yards of edging.

The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the Pattern Department of The Washington Herald.

WHITE BAGS STILL USED WITH WHITE FROCKS

White handbags with white costumes are still the correct thing, but they are not of the same materials as were those carried with the midsummer frock, and they are vastly more ornamental.

They are also more expensive, unless you have the time and the skill to make one for yourself of silk and beading.

The handbag, made of clear crystal beads against which is worked a design in pearl beads.

Really stunning and not expensive (if homemade) are the handbags of heavy corded white silk elaborated with Berlin cut-work. These are fringed across the bottom with silk threads heavily knotted, scalloped on the flap and suspended from the wrist by a long and heavy cord in silk.

Coquilles De Champignons.

This is a delicious French dish, which, translated, reads scalloped mushrooms. Use one-half pound of fresh mushrooms. Peel them; scrape and trim the stalks. If the mushrooms are very large, cut them in quarters. Throw them into boiling water for a few minutes; drain and throw into cold water to whiten them. Dry well. Sauté in a tablespoonful of hot butter for three minutes; add, when almost done, one teaspoonful of flour and one teaspoonful of minced parsley. Stir, and in three minutes add one cupful of broth, boiling hot. Let all simmer very gently for ten minutes, then add a quarter of a lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Remove from the fire and stir in the yolk of an egg beaten up with a teaspoonful of cream or wine. Have the shells ready greased, fill with the mixture; cover the top thoroughly with fine bread crumbs; dot with butter; place on a baking pan and bake in a hot oven until very hot throughout, then serve.

Good for luncheon or supper with rolls and butter.

AT THE THEATRES

THE COLUMBIA.

"The Stronger Claim."

The most vital new production of the still young dramatic season has its initial presentation at the Columbia. Theater last night where a brilliant audience sat through Margaret Turnbull's drama, which is a story of a woman's life, as told by her own people, and as a drama, it is a masterpiece. The former characterization given by Richard Bennett and the role of the singer played by Edith Wynne Matthison.

The play tells the story of a man who, while studying for the priesthood, met the daughter of a one-time minister. He loves the girl and they become married in accordance with the laws of the State. Both man and woman are of exceptional mental attainment, but she is a pagan and he is a Romanist, which fact leads them into dissensions, and finally into a bitter quarrel, after which they separate.

The first act begins the story ten years after this parting, during which years both man and woman have been made to believe in the death of each other by the man's father, who has been a part of the mechanism of the church he typifies that the deception practiced by him seems to him amply justified by the fact that he has given his son Felix to the priesthood, which he has intended that he should follow.

While the man is engaged in following his priestly duties his wife becomes a noted prima donna. Their meeting after the lapse of all these years takes place in the home of Mr. James O'Donnell Kildane, the father, whose subtle lying brings the soul of his son to the keenest struggle that can come to man—that between the voice of his church and those he has given the woman he loves. A child who was born subsequent to the separation doubles the bitterness of the divorce, and the law is not acknowledged by the church and in its illegitimacy can bring no happiness to its participants.

Miss Turnbull's drama deals with a question of absorbing public interest, a vital and compelling manner, not even concealing the iron hand by a velvet glove; for she has made the instrument of the church—the father of Felix Kildane—a bigot, and there is a despairing effort to win him back, sings "The Melody of Love," a bewitching number and one that will haunt you long after you have left the theater.

The third act finds Zorka awakening from her dream just as Joseph comes for her. She spurns him, and he loses no time in making himself content with the thought that he has been deceived. Zorka gives herself to Felix, and the several other characters assert themselves for eternal happiness and the final curtain.

The fourth act of the story can give no idea of the many factors which combine to make "Gypsy Love" a vocal and a visual delight. In the second act, there is a stirring ensemble number, superbly sung by the company, "Baby Duet," in which Raymond Crane and Mona Desmond, assisted by four youngsters of tender years, scored an emphatic hit. There is a duet, "The Melody of Love," admirably sung by Leola Lucey, who, as Ilma, displays a pleasing soprano, and Phil Brannon, remembered by the Aborn company.

But the success of the evening and of "Gypsy Love" is Phyllis Partington. Miss Partington is a find, and an unusual one. She has beauty, temperament, an exquisite soprano of remarkable range, and a voice of interest in a delight to the eye and a veritable treat to the ear. It is to be hoped that we shall see her many times in the future, for her star is in the ascendant.

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cannot but laugh, or at least feel foolish.

The Three Franks have a pleasing number, including dancing, funny rain, and acrobatics. They were well received. Will Leacy does a number of clever stunts on both bicycle and motorcycle, which are enthusiastically received. Carter and Bolden do several songs and dances with cleverness and grace. Amma, a young lady, renders several violin solos with rare technique. The comedians, including the "Pain" Weekly brings the audience in close association with the principal events of the past week or so.

NATIONAL.

"Gypsy Love."

The ever-entrancing strains of the Lehar waltz again enchant: "Gypsy Love" has come and conquered. Revealed at the National last night, this second of the Lehar operas to be heard in Washington scored an unqualified hit. Adapted from the German of Willner and Bodansky by the indefatigable Smith, Harry B. and Robert B. given a superb production by H. H. Woods, and with the Lehar score interpreted by a singing company of unusual attainments, both in cast and chorus, "Gypsy Love" more than substantiates the many excellent reports that have preceded it to Washington.

It is true that the first act could be changed to advantage, the action quickened, the music brightened, but one forgets such trifles in the glory of the second act. The scene is a cafe and the stage a riot of color, ever changing, ever wonderful, while the full beauty of the Lehar score is in melody in charm, now close to the narrow dividing line separating grand opera from that which the programme appropriately designed as "romantic Viennese waltz," is revealed. It is a score to delight in, to hear not once, but many times, and one in which each succeeding time to the new audience is a revelation.

And the story is new, clean, interesting, and unusual. Zorka, a Roumanian beauty, is betrothed to Fedor, a young man of her own rank. She becomes infatuated with a gypsy musician, and on the eve of her wedding decides to cast her lot with him. She promises to leave with him in the morning, and, on the advice of her nurse, drinks of the water of a fountain, which she believes will make her dream of what the future holds for her. The curtain drops as she falls asleep by the well.

The second act, the palm garden of a cafe in Budapest, is played in an unusual and an exceptionally beautiful setting. There, in her dream, Zorka sees herself come with Fedor, sees him die, and then, in a despairing effort to win him back, sings "The Melody of Love," a bewitching number and one that will haunt you long after you have left the theater.

The third act finds Zorka awakening from her dream just as Joseph comes for her. She spurns him, and he loses no time in making himself content with the thought that he has been deceived. Zorka gives herself to Felix, and the several other characters assert themselves for eternal happiness and the final curtain.

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RELASCO.

"Kindling."

The presentation of sociological problems by means of the drama is not especially a distinguishing feature of the present stage productions. Authors of all time and all nations have chosen this medium to set forth their views and opinions on those questions of their day which to them seemed to call for serious consideration, and could best be brought home to the people in visual form.

No generation but has thus had the mirror held up to nature, and our own is no exception to the rule. We have before us a drama dealing with the social question, with vice and virtue from every conceivable angle. The gamut of the ten commandments has been run by modern dramatists to make the stage an arena for moral uplift.

No phase of the eternal question of the brotherhood of man has been overlooked. The relation and interrelation of families and members of families have been exploited until one had almost come to think that no new viewpoint could be discovered. The seamy side of life has been unflinchingly held up to the public gaze in the most unflattering form, and morality as well as immorality have been discussed on the stage with the utmost freedom.

It is, however, the last word has not yet been spoken, for in "Kindling," which had its premiere in Washington at the Relasco Theater last night, Mr. Charles Kenyon offers for our contemplation the question of far parental foresight must be held responsible for the physical as well as moral welfare of children, and whether this foresight must be exercised even in the prenatal stage.

To what extent are father and mother accountable for the conditions under which their offspring see the light? In the drama, the question is held to a reckoning for creating or ignoring or tolerating these conditions, if they in any way tend to restrict the normal, physical, mental, or moral development of the child. The answer is given by Mr. Kenyon's production sets out the question; the answer must be given according to the viewpoint of the individual.

The drama, which is a story of a young man, the son of a typical New York tenement house, the owner of which is Mrs. Burke-Smith, a wealthy woman, who in a perfectly fashionable way goes in for "improving" the moral condition of tenement dwellers. He has frequently expatiated to his wife upon the wrong of parents setting children into the world under conditions unfavorable to the proper growth of the offspring. The time comes when Maggie is to become a mother. She is afflicted by the sickly and stunted appearance of the children of the tenement, and she is convinced that her baby is condemned to like misery.

She even fears to make known her condition to her husband because of his reaction. Their couple is in the midst of a quarrel, and she is in a state of mind to do anything. Then one day Mrs. Bates, a kind-hearted Irish woman, living in the same tenement, tells her about friends in Wyoming whose children she has seen in the State, and how the government generously gives to any one that wants it some hundred acres of land free of all cost. Maggie becomes obsessed with the thought that she will go to the place where the land is, and her husband's burning desire is to get the hundred dollars which she finds are required for her and her husband's journey to that far-off place.

Enter the tempter in the guise of Steve Bates, the good-for-nothing son of the old Irish woman. Mrs. Burke-Smith has offered Maggie work in her home, and she has accepted it, and she is to work in the factory. Steve persuades Maggie to accept the former offer, robs the house, and gives her a diamond brooch as her share of the swag.

Maggie, the jewel and tells Heinrich that she has obtained the money for the journey to Wyoming from Alice, Mrs. Burke-Smith's daughter, who has taken a friendly interest in her. Mrs. Bates, entangled herself in all kinds of stories she tells her husband and finally confesses that she has stolen the brooch, seeking to justify her act by the fact that she was in a state of mind to do anything. She is in a state of mind to do anything. Then one day Mrs. Bates, a kind-hearted